

# THE Quill

**A MAGAZINE FOR  
WRITERS, EDITORS,  
AND PUBLISHERS**

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## Giving the Farm Reader Service

By W. E. Drips

This agricultural paper job includes everything from curing  
cattle to convicting confidence men

## Running the Gastronomical Gauntlet

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By Guy Innes

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**August 1930**

25c a Copy

\$2.00 a Year

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# A Code for Journalists

By GUY INNES

Just a year ago the *Journal* of the British Institute of Journalists published the poem printed on this page as the winner of the president's prize for the best "Code of Rules for the Guidance of Journalists." THE QUILL is grateful to the *Journal* for its gracious permission to reprint Mr. Innes' verse. It should be added that Mr. Innes, now acting manager of the Australian Newspapers Cable Service, is a journalist of distinction. Born in Australia, he has been editor-in-chief of the Melbourne *Herald*; was secretary of the Press Congress of the World, Honolulu, 1921; represented the *Herald* and the Sydney *Sun* at the Washington Disarmament Conference.

*THE Realm ye inherit is spacious—John Milton stood guard in the gate;  
And shall ye do less than continue the Fourth as a noble Estate?  
The First and Second Commandment (the Law and the Prophets in sum):  
A confidence always is sacred; whoever has made it, be dumb.  
Now these be the Permanent Rulings. Submerge for the third time and drown,  
Or go to the stake without flinching—but let not your newspaper down.  
Stand up for "The Rag" to the utmost, to the last and the least paragraph;  
And always stand up for the Owner—trust him to stand up for the Staff.  
Beware above all things of Libel—the biter is sure to be bit;  
Of facts be you seven times certain; and if you're not certain, omit.  
Were verification spontaneous, these evils would call not for cure;  
You suffer persistent misgiving? Go, ask for a proof, and make sure!  
Guard well against bearing false witness—no matter how tempting the fake,  
The power of a lie is but fleeting, its tinsel a brilliant mistake.  
Nor is the truth dull; it may sparkle more brightly than Gideon's sword;  
And almost as good as good news is the just and appropriate word.  
Be known for your legible copy, nor scrawl for the Sub. to cut out;  
Be accurate; learn your quotations; and check them again when in doubt.  
Recall, in the night of impatience, when Heaven has made you a Sub.,  
The day of your earlier strivings—and be not too hard on the "cub."  
Yea, do not be merely a butcher (the Poet, men say, must be born;  
But the Sub., he is born and made also). Touch nothing you do not adorn.  
As gall is less bitter than wormwood, there are fluids more deadly than ink;  
So buy not your news with a cocktail, and sell not your views for a drink.  
Be brief, if possible, brilliant—but brief as your training affords.  
(See Genesis on the Creation. Twelve columns? Six-forty-two words!)*

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Invention, creation, or record—where'er your assignment be laid,  
As one who has pulled in the galley, I offer these Tips to the Trade.

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Published  
Monthly

# THE QUILL

Subscription Price  
Two Dollars a Year

A Magazine for Writers, Editors, and Publishers

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Fulton, Mo., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized July 30, 1918. Offices of Publication, 115 East Fifth Street, Fulton, Mo., and 836 Exchange Ave., Chicago, Ill. Editorial Office, 550 W. Lafayette Blvd., Detroit, Mich. Return postage guaranteed.

VOLUME XVIII

FULTON, MISSOURI, AUGUST, 1930

NUMBER 8

## Giving the Farm Reader Service

Agricultural Publications Gain Subscriber-Confidence by Going Sled-Length to Deserve it

By W. E. DRIPS

JUST what is the job called Service Bureau Editor or Manager?" I was asked recently by an old time newspaper man. "I thought all a farm paper editor had to do was to see that plenty of copy was written telling the farmers what was doing along the line of farm relief."

I wasn't surprised to hear such a question from a daily news man. For that is the general supposition among some journalists as to the purpose of farm papers. Others have the idea that farm papers exist purely for the purpose of providing a place for agricultural advertising. Unfortunately both guesses are bad. Because my old time newspaper man was really sincere in his question, I answered him at length. Before I finished I believe I convinced him that real farm relief is being given farmers in a more satisfactory measure than that we hear about in Washington, and there's less noise being made about it besides.

Farm publications, while they are naturally a sort of trade paper, have a definite program, just as any other paper. They tell the subscribers about agriculture and its development. They go further, for they are the farmers' counsellor in many ways. Perhaps they fight for relief from this or that and are criticised now and then, but many of their departments of activity are getting results that never break into print. Much of the real relief for the farmer comes through



the work of a Service Editor, Protective Service Department, or under the name of the Publisher's Friend. These Service Editors, regardless of the titles handed to them, take care of the routine correspondence, write copy for the paper on countless subjects, investigate propositions given to subscribers, and in a general way act as a go-between for

the subscriber, the advertiser, and publisher.

They see to it that the subscriber gets what he wants, no matter what it is. Perhaps it's legal advice or assistance in untangling a crop problem or helping to find a buyer for his crop of wool. For farm paper publishers have learned that good will toward the paper can be earned in this manner and the subscribers' business be more profitable. Last year this department of *Wallace's Farmer* and *Iowa Homestead* received nearly twenty thousand letters from subscribers asking for nearly as many kinds of information. But they got it, for a Service Department has to deliver. So you see we know what our readers are interested in and can in turn give them information as to what they want to know.

It used to be common in newspaper offices, when a letter came from a subscriber asking what to do with a sick horse or cow, to pass it about among the "news hounds" and finally the cub was told to tell the subscriber to bury the animal when it died. That is, if



the letter was answered. But editors learned better, especially in the farm field. When a subscriber has a sick horse he wants to know what to do to cure it. Just like he wants to know what to do to make the engine of his Model A quit pumping oil. If his radio doesn't work he wants to know the cause of it. If he orders a pair of shoes from a mail order house and they send him a forty pound army saddle and he cannot get the deal adjusted, he asks the paper that carried the advertisement to investigate. So a Service Department gets busy. The farmer must get his shoes. If the farmer wants to know where he can obtain Blue Andalusian Hens and is unable to locate them, the Service Bureau helps. If the subscriber's oldest son is preparing a debate on St. Lawrence Waterways and cannot locate arguments, the Service Bureau helps. If mother wants a new pattern for a Texas Lone Star Quilt, she writes the paper and the pattern is forthcoming. That's just a part of it. But the big thing is that the farm papers see to it that subscribers get replies to their inquiries and no matter how foolish the request, it is taken care of immediately.

It's the job of the Service Editor to see to this and out of the mass of inquiry comes the thrill now and then that opens up a real newspaper scoop. That's why a Service Editor has a lot of fun and enjoys life.

**A** GAIN quoting from experience, imagine my surprise one day to get several inquiries from farmers asking me if a certain grocery firm in Omaha was reliable. One fellow sent a card and I investigated. Here was a firm offering a grocery bargain. Twenty dollars worth of groceries for \$19.96 and fifty baby chicks free if the money was sent at once.

Now I had been buying sugar only the evening before and had paid a pretty good price for ten pounds. The card offered it at about half the price in Des Moines. Other prices seemed extra low. Suspicion was aroused and a letter was sent to the postal inspector at Omaha. Result? Well, the grocery firm hadn't any groceries and no baby chicks, but in one day they received over forty thousand dollars in cash from folks who bit. Three men had planned the graft and one got away. But it made a good story and helped convince farmers that the old adage, "Investigate Before You Invest," is worth while.

Service Bureau Editors have other tasks. A few years ago we were concerned with the unusual amount of rural thievery. Automobiles and good roads made the farmer's property easy pickings for the common thief. What could be done about it? A check of the state laws showed the Code dealt lightly with rural thieves. Investigations were made and it was easy to convince the general assembly that more stringent

laws were necessary. Then we got after the sheriffs. We showed them the need of protecting farm property. We offered rewards for the capture of thieves. We gave full publicity to the cases. Everyone was on his toes and although we have spent several thousand dollars in rewards, we have slowed up the stealing. Sheriffs and county officials tell us we have done wonders to help them in curtailing the spread of rural crime.

**B**UT that's only one phase of what can be done to protect the farmer subscriber's property. A farmer isn't a good buying prospect unless he has money. If his investments are poor and he loses as he did during 1920, when the country was flooded with wild cat securities, then the advertiser of legitimate products loses too. So we keep our ear on the ground, listening for the rumble of the promoter. Your Service Bureau Editor is the farm paper's detective, always watching the correspondence for hints that might uncover fraud and graft. Many are the stories that come to light. When a farmer came in one day with a stock certificate that he had purchased for a few thousand dollars and wanted to know about a safety deposit box, we examined it, purely from curiosity, and discovered it was phoney. This started some activity. Long distance telephones and sheriffs were used. Two promoters were captured just as they were checking out of a hotel and they readily returned the eight thousand dollars they had taken. That's just one case. No need to say that farmer is a friend of the paper for life. And what better walking advertisement is needed to make good will?

The Service Editor has unlimited duties. He has been a witness for a fellow who wanted a marriage license and has hunted up routes for a subscriber who wanted to go to Haiti to be married. He has investigated fire extinguishers, remedies, and quack doctors. He has helped farmers get freight rate adjustments and suggested jokes to be used as a foundation for the toastmaster's address at the farm bureau annual meeting. He helps locate missing sons and daughters and is virtually the clearing house for all questions asked. Letters exposing the famous Spanish Swindlers Shell Game have been sent him for checking up, and he has looked over some of the most unusual schemes for the development of perpetual motion ever produced. He has driven his automobile half way across the state in the night to be on hand at court the next morning to testify against a crook who had been fleecing farmers in getting them to sign contracts that were fraudulent. He has sat in conferences with advertising men helping them to eliminate questionable statements that might make the copy mis-

leading and cause both the publisher and the company trouble. Only recently one Service Editor uncovered a fake eye doctor who had been traveling about a neighboring state taking advantage of elderly farm people who had bad eyesight. A radio station was drafted and the news spread rapidly and one of the swindlers was captured. Another Service Manager uncovered an organized gang of swindlers operating in several states peddling contracts that promised to make folks rich in pure-bred livestock.

Service Bureau Editors have to do a multitude of things, but theirs is the happy job, with something new always popping up. With the cooperation of Better Business Bureaus, Federal Trade Commissions, Postal Authorities, and local officials they bid fair to make the rural sections a safer place to live in, both from the financial standpoint and otherwise.

It is an exciting job. Giving farmers and subscribers relief and help, no matter what it is, makes each day another one to look forward to. Does it help the publication to cement the subscriber more closely to the publisher? Well, ask the circulation man! The fact that farm publications, almost without exception, have realized the opportunity for service and established Service Departments during the last ten years, answers that question. For service is something the farm paper readers like and any publisher who can find out what his readers want has a worthwhile game. Service with a capital S and plenty of it!

Irvin S. Cobb, in his book *Stickfuls*, a collection of reminiscences of that writer's newspaper life, leaves an impression with the reader that the copy desk of a newspaper might best be avoided by the ambitious newspaper man.

In my humble way, I disagree with Mr. Cobb. Perhaps in his newspapering days a copy desk was a sort

of last haven for the aging reporter or editor, but that isn't the case any more. The modern copy desk is too fast to tolerate anyone but a thorough and competent workman.

I do not recall the exact words Mr. Cobb used in giving his opinion of the copy desk, but in effect he declared it to be a blind alley, from which the only escape was oblivion, or death, or something like that.

A blind alley? Let's have a look at the 1930 copy desk of a modern, prosperous newspaper—the *Buffalo Evening News*, for instance.

The *News*, with a circulation of 190,000, is reputed to be one of the best written, best edited metropolitan dailies in the United States.

On September 1, 1929, there were seven copyreaders on the rim of the desk there. The *News*, by the way, uses the universal copy desk system with a half-moon table, around the outer edge of which sit the copyreaders, and in the slot the head copyreader.

On April 1, 1930, six months later, only three of the original seven rim men remained. What happened to the other four?

One is night editor of the *News*; another is mail edition editor; a third is assistant state editor; and the fourth left the *News* to take an assistant Sunday editor's position with a

New York City daily. These advances, of course, carried with them substantial increases in salary.

The future for the newspaper copyreader never seemed rosier. Newspaper executives are coming more and more to the point where they select assistants or department heads from the copy desk.

In my opinion, the young newspaper man who steers clear of the copy desk because he believes it is a blind alley, as I did for several years, is missing a valuable course in his newspaper education.—R. L. Van Allen, Copyreader, the *Buffalo Evening News*. From *Writer's Digest*.



### With an Upper-Case S

Relieving the farmer—not the relief the Ford Motor Company has achieved to the benefit of its own financial position, nor the relief the Farm Board is having such difficulty making effective but real honest-to-goodness help for the harassed individual farmer—is the aim of the Service Bureau of an alert agricultural publication. To find out what that means it is only necessary to read the accompanying article.

Service with an upper-case S, says W. E. Drips, author of the article, is the business of the Service Bureau of a farm periodical. And it tends to its business—with such single-mindedness that reader-confidence grows, circulation mounts, and advertisers find it worth while to talk to their farmer-customers through the advertising columns.

W. E. Drips is Service Manager of *Wallace's Farmer and Iowa Homestead*, among the few largest and most successful agricultural weeklies in the United States. Each year he handles 20,000 requests, a job he is qualified to do because he holds a bachelor of science in agriculture degree from the University of Wisconsin, because he studied journalism at the University of Washington, because he has had long practical experience in journalism, and because he was formerly on the staff of the department of technical journalism of Iowa State College.

# A Metropolitan "Home Town" Paper

This Chicago Morning Daily Now Circulates 36,000 Copies of its Experimental Indiana Edition

By WILLIAM W. WILCOX, Jr.

Associate Editor  
Indiana Edition, Chicago *Herald and Examiner*

ONE of the most significant experiments launched by the metropolitan press in the United States during the past year is a "home town" morning newspaper published by the Chicago *Herald and Examiner* for readers in Indiana. The idea has been taken up by other papers already and has aroused wide interest in journalistic circles.

Established primarily as a circulation puller, with no attempt made to sell more advertising, the Indiana Edition met an enthusiastic reception when the first issues went on sale last fall, especially in the Calumet industrial region and the St. Joseph river valley, which were given the most intensive coverage. The reason for this quick response to the edition in its original experimental state is obvious. Subscribers received the same newspaper that is delivered to homes in the Chicago metropolitan area, PLUS two full pages of "home town" news, including personals in the society column, sport news, and feature illustrations.

Just how this journalistic coup has been accomplished makes an interesting and thought-provoking story, and one is led to exclaim: "Why didn't someone think of trying that years ago?" At first blush it may appear somewhat inconsistent to print news of a South Bend murder on presses in Chicago's Loop for Indiana consumption, and to sell this "stepbrother paper" on the same newsstands with local papers headlining the same story. But results have proved that tremendous economies can be achieved by this method—and, best of all, the reader gets more value for his money! In this age of centralization the thought of a "home town" paper printed in the country's second metropolis is intriguing, to say the least.

In order to tap the best news sources and make the best contacts, three bureaus were established for the Indiana Edition—at South Bend, Gary, and Hammond. Experienced staff men were put in charge and the best local newspaper men available were employed to assist them, with young women engaged to gather society items and photographs of June brides. One of the most widely known Indiana political writers was retained to write timely dispatches from county-seats and from the state capital,

which was a big factor in enabling the Indiana Edition to compete successfully with Indiana papers in covering the recent state primary election.

Leased telegraph wires bring copy from the bureaus and correspondents to the *Herald and Examiner's* city room, where it is edited and headed and rushed to the composing room. Important news breaking late at night is dictated from the bureaus to transcribers in the Chicago office over leased telephone circuits. Associated Press and International News Service insure complete coverage, but this wire copy is used chiefly to check up on staff stories.

Superiority of the *Herald and Examiner's* mechanical facilities makes it possible to print the Indiana Edition in much less time than a local plant would require, even after allowance is made for bringing the copy such a great distance. There are two editions. One is locked up at 10:20 p. m., just after the regular mail edition, and the other goes to bed at 12:15 a. m., following the regular home edition. These Indiana editions amount merely to "going up" two pages, since the content of the rest of the paper remains unchanged. They are virtually replates, and newsstand distributors can display the regular Chicago first page, or the Indiana Edition first page, depending on which has the best selling line. Type is put into the forms during the evening almost as fast as it is set; and the presses are spinning only a few minutes after the lockup. Then the papers are on their way, by truck and train, to scores of Indiana cities and towns, to vie with home town papers at the breakfast table.

THE first edition goes to Indianapolis, Richmond, Terre Haute, Evansville, and other down-state cities, while the second and last edition is sent to Gary, Hammond, East Chicago, Indiana Harbor, Whiting, Goshen, Plymouth, Elkhart, Crown Point, Valparaiso, Michigan City, Warsaw, South Bend, LaPorte, and Niles, Michigan. The entire territory is served by no other Chicago morning newspaper, although the Chicago *Tribune* has had signal success with a Wisconsin edition edited from a central bureau in Milwaukee. The *Herald and Examiner*, encouraged by the success of the Indiana Edition, has re-

(Continued on page 17)





# I'm Through Hazing Opinions

This Writer Won't Again Make His Paper Say Something that May Not Be So

By MARTIN A. KLAVER

GOOD reporters, some good reporters say, have a sixth sense that leads them to a good story when there's no earthly reason for suspecting that a good story is anywhere around. I used to work on a newspaper myself (control yourselves, you who still do!), and I've known it to happen that I brought in a story I picked up by the merest luck, but I don't care to lay claim to any extra senses. I'll leave that to others.

But George M. Hunter, news editor of the Port Huron *Times-Herald* and for more than two years my boss on that paper, may be sure of my endorsement if he ever applies for membership in the Society of Sixth-Sensers. Anyhow his sixth sense (unless it was merely a very keen nose for news sharpened by years of experience, or a reasoning mind, or luck, or a combination of the three) resulted in my getting from Henry Ford the first story ever released of his plan to revive the old-fashioned dances. It also resulted in my doing a thing I'll never do again. It gave me the thrill of beating the world on a story the world was interested in and at the same time it gave me a sick feeling that comes back to me every time I think of it.

It began after the paper had gone to bed on a June afternoon in 1925. I was at my desk looking over my stuff with that mingled feeling of pride and despair the ambitious young reporter knows when Hunter called me. I swung out of my chair in one motion, the way you do, and went down and stood at his desk.

"Yup," I said. "Don't tell me it's a night assignment."

"Good guess," he said. "No excuses. Here's the dope. Henry Ford is giving a costume party tonight at his Harbor Beach place—you know, everybody comes in old-fashioned costumes. He's given 'em before, but this time I've got a hunch there may be something there beyond the usual big names and description stuff, something we can lift off the society page. Henry's got a special orchestra to play, including an old-time fiddler and some other instruments—bass viol and some kind of old-fashioned piano. He's also got a dancing-master, and everybody, including Mr. and Mrs. Ford, do old-fashioned dances in old-fashioned costumes to tunes by this old-fashioned

Herewith is the third of a series of personal reminiscences that are appearing every other month in *The Quill*. In it the writer tells how he attributed to Henry Ford a purpose Mr. Ford later expressly disclaimed. So the story is in line with the general title of the series, "I Wouldn't Do It Again."

orchestra. Henry's a good dancer, the county beat man tells me, so that might serve as an angle to hang a story on if there's nothing better."

He leaned back in his chair and looked up at me speculatively, then went on talking.

"I don't know if there's any real story there. Anything outside of the usual thing, I mean. But I've got a sort of feeling that there is a yarn there—I don't know what it would be, but something's out of the ordinary about this party. Anyhow, take a run up. Shoemaker (the man who covered Huron County) will meet you and introduce you to the manager of the Harbor Beach Club, and he'll see that you get a look at the party. If there's a story there, find out what it is and bring it in. If there isn't, get a list of names and some dope on the costumes, and any other junk you can pick up.

"Take a bus up and stay overnight at the hotel. Come back when you're ready. See what you can do."

I WENT, found everything as it had been painted to me except that Mr. Ford's private army in the shape of two large "service men" wouldn't let me get any nearer than the verandah of the club once they'd learned I was a reporter—a fact I didn't try to conceal. So, until midnight I watched Mr. and Mrs. Ford and their guests bow, and curtsy, and posture, and step lightly through the steps of the lancers, the varsovienne, and I forget what else. And all the time I wondered what possible story there could be in all this—this is pleasant (I said to myself) and quaint and lovely, and it's splendid that the man who has done more than anyone else to bring speed and noise into modern life is interested in the courtly ballroom manners and graceful ballroom dances of a hundred years ago. But what of it? Mr. Ford can do this for his own diversion, but what difference does it make? It has about the same importance as Mr. Rockefeller's habit of giving dimes to children.

Then, suddenly, the elaborateness of what is now labeled the set-up began to register. A special orchestra—violin, bass viol, zimbalom! Special costumes! Special dances! And a special dancing-master! By golly, I said to myself, this isn't just an isolated party; there's more to it. What? The only

way to find out, I decided, was to ask Mr. Ford himself.

There were difficulties there, however. Mr. Ford's two trustees wouldn't let me on the floor, except in the company of the club manager, and I couldn't find the club manager. They told me I couldn't speak to Mr. Ford while he was acting as host. They told me that I might be able to see him afterwards, but they wouldn't think of letting me out of their sight for an instant—not now. They didn't, and I didn't get to see Mr. Ford until I'd sweated out several quarts of blood worrying about how to do it.

The last dance came, passed, and the guests began to leave. I looked at my wardens. They shook their heads.

"Look here," I said, "I've got to see the manager. He's out there talking to the orchestra leader. I'm going out there too."

They said I couldn't go on the floor, but I didn't wait to argue. I walked on. As I'd figured, they didn't quite dare to follow me all the way—after a few hesitant steps they decided a scene would be worse than anything I could do. All they did was call after me a warning not to try to talk to Mr. Ford. I fully intended not to, at least not until I'd made arrangements for an interview, so I nodded. Then, unbelievably, Mr. Ford turned away from a guest to whom he had just said good-night and began cutting across the floor directly in my path.

The opportunity was too good to let slip, since Mr. Ford was quite free for the moment and since I only wanted the chance to speak to him later. I stopped him, told him who I was, said I didn't want to keep him but that I'd like to ask him one question, now or later as he wished.

"Go ahead," he said. He was exceedingly gracious and friendly.

"Mr. Ford," I said, "your orchestra, dancing-master, and all the rest look as if they belong to some permanent organization of some sort. Do you plan to revive the old-fashioned dances?"

"Yes, I do." When he said that I could have warwhooped if I hadn't been out of breath. "In fact," he went on, "we've already gone quite a way in our campaign at Dearborn. But Mr. Lovett, who is teaching the classes we've formed there, can tell you all about it." He turned and called to his dancing-master: "Mr. Lovett," and when Mr. Lovett came he said, "Tell this young man all about what we've been doing at Dearborn."

Mr. Lovett did, and as he talked I realized that I'd stumbled on something more than a rich man's whim—this thing might have far-reaching consequences. At the very least it was a first-rate story, and I was

a lucky young man to have the privilege of breaking it.

So I went back to my hotel and lay sleepless on a straw mattress all through the hot June night. Once in a while I dozed, I guess, but wide-awake or half-asleep I found myself forming leads, leads, leads until I almost wished the story had flopped entirely so I could sleep.

Now comes the tragic part. Back in the office the next morning I wrote the story. It wasn't a bad story, either, but I'll always be ashamed of it. I said in it that Mr. Ford was seeking to revive the old-fashioned dances—and I also said that he meant to unseat the modern wriggings that are known as dances. He hadn't said so, and I was scrupulous to put in quotes only what he had actually said, but I conjectured the rest. Of course, I took the responsibility for it, because my by-line appeared over the story, so in a way I was justified in hazarding an opinion. The point is that I drew the wrong conclusion, since Mr. Ford hadn't said a word about the new-fashioned dances.

Nothing was ever said about it, either by Mr. Ford or anyone on the paper, but in the feature stories that immediately followed in other papers I noticed that it was always expressly stated that Mr. Ford was *not* campaigning against the modern dances. That was enough, as far as I'm concerned, since I'd made my paper say something that wasn't so. I'm through offering opinions I can't back up.

### First Columnist Honored

The house in which Eugene Field lived when he was managing editor of the *Denver Tribune* has been purchased and is to be made a permanent memorial to the man who is credited with having established the first newspaper "column." However, it is the author of "Wynken, Blynken, and Nod" and such tender poems beloved of children that Denver wishes to honor. The house is to be moved to Washington Park and used as a branch library.

Field first attracted national attention as a versifier, paragrapher, critic, and jokesmith while in Denver. His fame there, spreading abroad, resulted in the offer from the *Chicago News* in 1883 to write the column that made him a celebrity, "Sharps and Flats."

### Plan Plaque for James Melvin Lee

Erection of a bronze plaque in honor of the late James Melvin Lee, dean of journalism at New York University, is being planned by former students who were active on the University newspaper while they were in college. Professor Lee was faculty adviser of the *Washington Square Dealer*, later the *New York University News*.



# Clippings That Make For Peace

This Newspaper Feature Builds International Understanding  
Through Translated Extracts from Foreign Dailies

By RALPH L. PETERS

PEOPLE who read the papers at all know that that Uruguay was recently torn, as the old spell-binding phrase had it, by internal strife. Now they can learn that Uruguay's capital, Montevideo, is almost as much strife-torn because the telephone system is inadequate and the instruments clumsy and antiquated.

They know also that Spain has a dictator and that the country is restless under him. Now they can learn as well that wolves near Gijon have been attacking and devouring cattle and horses and that stock-raisers in the vicinity not long ago killed thirty-five in a drive to exterminate them.

The subscribers are aware, too, that France is worried because her population is no longer increasing. Now they are told, in addition, that *Le Matin* at Paris believes that drastic action should be taken to protect the nation's children from the danger of drinking contaminated milk.

In brief, American readers of newspapers, if they are subscribers to one of the dailies associated in the North American Newspaper Alliance, are today being given an opportunity to find out just how similar are the problems confronting people abroad to the questions that are always demanding solution in the municipalities of the United States. They can discover, if they will read a thousand words a day, that folks abroad are very much like folks at home. Five minutes daily will give them an understanding of other peoples and a sympathy with their viewpoints that many inveterate travelers never achieve.

This is so because *The Detroit News* some months ago inaugurated a new feature called "Newspaper Clippings" and placed it on its editorial page. The column daily presents translations of interesting fact or opinion material taken from newspapers all over the world. The papers read and clipped by the *News* exchange desk number approximately 50 of the leading dailies of England, Ireland, Scotland, France, Germany, Spain, Belgium, Italy, the South American countries, Mexico, Australia, China, Japan, New Zealand, Russia, and Poland. Others are to be added later.

English editions of foreign papers, of course, require no translation, but the exchange desk staff members translate and make extracts from articles printed in French, Spanish, German, Portu-

guese, Russian, Polish, and closely related languages. Until recently even Chinese publications using Chinese characters were translated by a member of the staff, H. S. Liang, now special correspondent of the *News* at Shanghai. In some cases articles are translated by outsiders.

WHAT sort of material is clipped and translated is best shown by extracts from a typical column—such paragraphs as those referred to in the opening paragraphs of this article. These were taken from the issue of July 24, 1930; they are just as interesting any other day.

*Imparcial*, Montevideo: The question of the telephone is one calling for early and definite adjustment. Such equipment as now is in use in the city, and throughout the country is antiquated, deficient, and unsatisfactory, but the private enterprise hitherto exploiting our telephonic system, so-called, is unwilling to institute any radical improvements, until it is finally decided what the government proposes to do in the matter of regulation.

If the authorities take over the lines, and make a state monopoly out of the system, the private interests naturally will be eliminated, and they can not be censured for reluctance to improve the present chaotic service while the whole proposition is surrounded with uncertainty.

We have continuously called the attention both of the government and the public to this procrastination, and urged an immediate decision in regard to future control and development of the telephone system. We need more phones, and a greater diffusion of wires. We need automatic telephones, instead of the antiquated and cumbrous instruments now the vogue. Both business and social requirements demand these improvements, and further delay in furnishing them should not be tolerated.

\* \* \*

*Le Matin*, Paris: A citizen, who is very much averse to noise, upon an insane impulse, murdered his two small children who would not let him sleep at night because of their crying. For this terrible deed he has received a punishment of six years in prison, three years for each baby. A few months ago, certain other citizens, who had been convicted of selling

(Continued on page 13)



# Running the Gastronomical Gauntlet

MUCH has been said lately concerning the training of newspaper men. Some say they should be equipped with a sound basic knowledge of history, economics, political science, general science, literature, and the arts. Others say they should be able to write a reasonably readable news story or build a head that fits. Still others vote for a combination of background with the technical tools of the profession.

My opinion, based on wide experience, is that the beginning reporter's equipment is quite worthless unless he has a good digestive system.

Arrogating to myself all the modesty the public believes never appears in newspaper reporters, I will lay claim to having eaten more free meals than any reporter in Indiana. I do not claim this as a singular mark of distinction won by my own unaided efforts. It came to me, rather, through a combination of assignments and the great American habit of eating en masse.

Everyone who stays in the newspaper game for any length of time has an opportunity to shoot at that mark, and I will under no circumstances struggle to maintain what I now claim as a record. But I feel it my duty to warn all who hope to become journalists that much of their work will be performed at the banquet board. This is not an unmixed evil, if it be an evil, for the starting salary on many newspapers doesn't take into account the physiological fact that reporters must eat. But the situation is such that the would-be newspaper man will do well to examine the state of his stomach before applying for his reporting job.

It has been impressed upon me by long service that a large percentage of the news that fills the columns of the papers today is manufactured and dished out at banquets along with the food. Forensic feasts—call them what you will—lunches and banquets, where food garnishes the oratory and perfunctory applause is the spice of the salad, have become as much a part of our life as the automobile, the radio, the talking picture.

This is not to say that banqueting is new, for it is as old as humanity itself. Nevertheless it has become a modern mania to foregather collectively around a well served table and then listen to speeches. People like to eat and they like to attend banquets, but whether they like to hear speeches afterwards is still, in spite of my close study of the phenomenon, an enigma

to me. Certainly the speeches do not keep them away, whether or not politeness masks their real feelings.

I have heard banquets and banquet-speakers discussed and analyzed from all angles, but I have never heard, except in a strictly informal manner, a diagnosis of the disease from the standpoint of the reporter. I purpose to discuss banquets and after-dinner speakers from this angle, an important one surely when it is remembered that most persons attend banquets only once or twice a year, unless they happen to be professional banqueteers, while reporters must go to all of them.

BANQUETS are organized affairs. They are given by clubs, associations, organizations, cliques, factions, groups, individuals, closed corporations. But all banquets have a message for the public, and the newspaper man is therefore essential to their success. Through him the banqueteers reach the reader they so assiduously and so inexplicably court. Hence I can forecast at least part of the future of every future reporter.

The city editor assigns you to cover a certain banquet on a certain evening. He will hand you a couple of tickets, if it is a big event, or perhaps only one. Sometimes you will have to buy your ticket yourself, and trust to luck and the generosity of the city editor that your expense account will be honored later on. However, your expense accounts will be few and far between, for there is an unwritten law on newspapers that banqueteers who do not provide free tickets should not be honored with the presence of reporters. Nor does the event occupy much space in the next edition.

I recall an incident of that sort. The Geographic Society of Chicago was giving a banquet in honor of Roald Amundsen, who had just returned from the discovery of the South Pole. He was a headline hero just then, so the reporters turned out in force. Imagine their chagrin when the hosts announced that there were no places for them at the table, but, relenting, offered to provide chairs so the newspapers men could sit and watch the banqueteers eat! I doubt if I need add that the event was given very little prominence in the papers next day.

Now it is sadly but almost invariably the case that when the assignment comes to you you will have something planned for the evening, something far more pleasant than



By  
HAROLD C. FEIGHTNER

Indiana's All-Time Free-Eating Champion Tells Why  
Reporters Nowadays Must Have Forged-Steel Stomachs

covering a banquet in which you have no personal interest. Still, you will welcome the assignment as affording an opportunity for a free meal; being a new reporter, you will find free meals mighty sustaining.

Banquets, you will find, vary both in quantity and quality of food and oratory. Menus are standardized—they almost always consist of filet mignon or roast breast of guinea hen, though you will sometimes find roast chicken—but the cooking isn't. Incidentally, talking of roast breast of guinea hen reminds me of a disillusionment I experienced once when a chef told me that his guinea hen was plain old Belgian hare carefully disguised. I have never thought less of the delectable hen since that time, but I have thought more of the lowly hare.

For real interest, for homely color, no banquet can approach the one served in the basement of the Methodist or Baptist church by the Ladies' Aid Society. An assignment to one of them may benefit your pocket book at the expense of your stomach, for the mashed potatoes are always cold, the chicken tough, the gravy lumpy, and the coffee—if it ever comes—lukewarm. Yet, to my mind, these affairs represent to a greater degree than all the flamboyant dinner-jacketed affairs in the big hotels the real heart of American democracy. People who attend them eat the food without protest and even listen to the speaker. There is never a hum of conversation arising from satiated banqueters to confuse the orator, no matter what his subject, be it the League of Nations, the tax rate, the corn borer, or what have you. Here, in all their rugged fortitude, you will find the Spartans of the banquet hall.

But not always will free food or admiration for the stoics who go to banquets keep you from seeing the dark side of the picture. Often you will grow weary and fidgety as you sit hour after hour listening to the monotonous drone of the speakers as they talk on and on and on. Nor will you be able to terminate the

torture. You will be virtually a prisoner, since it is bad taste, even for a reporter, to stalk out of a dining room after having eaten well and without cost.

As your experience in covering banquets grows—and it grows apace—you will recognize with resignation the toastmaster who announces, "We will now hear a few remarks from Solomon Spifledink, who has just returned from a tour of Utopia." I have never

known a toastmaster, or a speaker either, whose understanding of the phrase "a few remarks" agreed with mine. As a rule when I hear those fateful words I lean back praying for strength, for I know that Solomon is out for an endurance record. No doubt you will hear other reporters, as the oration grows and expands and the hours go fleeting by, mutter, "End quote." How often you will find it merely the expression of a wish, and by no means a fact!

**Y**OU will find two kinds of banquets—those at which you have to work and those at which you have to listen. I don't know which is the best, or which is the worst.

You have to work when the speaker is of the extemporaneous type—the orator who, if you please, comes naturally by his talents or imagines that he does, and spurns manuscript and notes. When you go to him, as all diligent reporters should, and

ask him for an advance copy of his speech, he is likely to be offended. The idea of anyone thinking that Solomon Spifledink would be guilty of resorting to a manuscript. Unthinkable!

Probably you won't take the rebuff to heart, for your paper isn't planning to use much of the speech anyhow. But it means work for you. You must clear away the debris on your table, get out pencil and paper, and listen attentively for some catch phrase, some epigram, some peroration, that will give you a lead for your story. You will take down a sentence now and then, for fear that he won't say something important later on. If he is of the rhetorical type,

**He Lived to Tell the Tale**

Why is it that politicians so often choose banquets at which to make announcements? Why is it that members of Sunday School classes, Boy Scout troops, Rotary Clubs, Men's Bible Clubs, Arbeiter Vereins, fraternal lodges, citizens' associations, and editors' gatherings think it necessary to meet at least once each year around an array of plates and silver, eat, and listen to speeches afterwards? Why is it that the boys behind the banquet think it's a failure if it doesn't get newspaper publicity?

Anyone's answers to these rhetorical questions are as good as anyone else's, so none need be put forward here. The important thing is—or maybe it isn't important—that banquets make up a large part of the life of the newspaper man. Yet until Harold C. Feightner wrote the accompanying article, no one had delved deeply into the influence of the banquet on the press and hence upon the course of the nation. Strange! Strange! People exclaim with wonder at the little things that change the history of the world and close their eyes to the great fundamental movements that touch them on every side.

It is with keen appreciation of its privilege that The Quill presents herewith Mr. Feightner's searching discussion of banquets he has been to. He knows his subject—who will dispute his claim to the all-time free-eating championship of Indiana? As political reporter for the Indianapolis News, and as a man with years of newspaper experience behind him, he speaks with unquestioned authority. Moreover, an associate member of Indiana Chapter of Sigma Delta Chi, he joined the Indianapolis alumni—at a banquet.



however, he will begin soaring as he nears a climax—in fact he will surmount a half dozen climaxes—and the first thing you know you will have a whole ream covered with notes. This is where the difficulty comes in, for back at the office you will have to decipher the ingenious code you have originated and that will take time.

The extemporaneous speaker usually is a professional speaker. That is to say, he makes banqueting a vocation. He is the type who soars to the very skies in long flights of oratory. He is easy to listen to, he is musical, he is entertaining, he makes even a hard-boiled newspaper man laugh sometimes when he springs a new one. But, and I say this in all sincerity, he seldom says anything. That is, anything that will look well in print, that will give the readers something to think about, that will interest them. In other words he listens better than he reads.

He has one salutary element on his side, however. He will seldom object if you misquote him. He probably feels lucky if he gets his name in the paper at all, so he does not quibble about a mistake now and then.

THEN there is the meticulous, careful man who, while not aspiring to the oratorical pedestal, nevertheless imagines he has a message not only for his audience but for the world at large. He has little use for reporters but he has an inordinate love for newspapers. They are the medium through which his message is carried to the public.

You will learn in time to rather like him, though, for he saves you a lot of manual labor. If he doesn't deluge your office with advance copies of his speech days before the great event, he will have a copy for you in his pocket. You may be dismayed at the bulk and probably, if you have been attending many such affairs, you will mentally calculate the length of the forensic marathon and figure whether you can go home in an "owl" car or try to charge a taxi cab to the office. Yet, when he pulls that sheaf of paper out of his pocket, no matter how formidable it looms, you will know that you can sit back and not have to take a note. Your banquet is already covered, save for writing a lead and adding a touch of color by adding, "Those present were—."

Political orators, perhaps, are the most cagey about their speeches. That is natural. In the heat of a campaign they cannot afford to be misquoted; moreover, they cannot always rely upon themselves to say the proper thing. Therefore they usually appear with prepared speeches, written as a rule by someone else. Probably they realize that if they write their addresses beforehand they will occupy more space. I have seen political orators assume a very hurt expression when told that we couldn't devote a couple of

pages to their speech. There is no one more sensitive, nor more absurd, than a political campaigner.

Some speakers have the ability to memorize their speeches, but that is a singular exception in these days. The most notable example of that was the late Albert J. Beveridge. I recall having covered many of his campaign speeches. In every instance he would give out advance copies that always dealt with a new topic. Beveridge's speeches were never commonplace, never stale, never mere repetitions.

I have taken copy from him that he had just dictated to his stenographer and then, a few hours later, sat down in front and heard him deliver the address from memory without missing a period or a comma. He was the only man in American public life I ever knew who could perform that feat.

There is one cardinal sin that banqueteers persist in. They are always overly optimistic. Nearly all big banquet promoters start out with the idea that they will have President Hoover or Lindbergh as guest of honor or speaker of the evening. Often they become so obsessed with the idea of getting such a headliner for their events that an invitation seems to them as good as an acceptance. Then, when the fateful moment arrives, you find one of your fellow-townsmen, whom you have heard so often that you can almost repeat his speech from memory, "pinch-hitting" for the absent celebrity.

Who knows what effect banquets have had upon our history? They have resulted, it seems reasonable to believe, in giving a number of newspaper men a dyspeptic view of life, and it may be that in some cases the consequences have been serious. Surely banquets tend to make them frank and even cynical, for the flow of fulsome compliments and empty oratory makes naked candor seem a green vale of refuge from too much sound and fury. Perhaps for this reason it is just as well that newspaper men cannot always put their individual reactions into the paper, for if the public could see itself in the mass as the reporter sees it the outcome might be disillusionment and eventually communal strife. But newspaper men must be born analysts, so it may be that exposure to banquets is only beneficial because it gives them a chance to weigh what they hear and discount what is bunk.

I have treated the gastronomical side of reporting somewhat frankly—some may say cynically. I insist, nevertheless, that a strong stomach and the ability to sit in one chair a long time are invaluable assets to the reporter. But I do not subscribe to the words of the veteran reporter who recently wrote of newspaper men, "The good resign, the bad are fired, and the indifferent stay on." It takes intestinal fortitude to stick to the last.

### Clippings That Make for Peace

(Continued from page 9)

contaminated milk, intended for use in orphanages, were fined a few hundred francs apiece.

It is very pretty to talk of cherishing all our infants; and to moralize about the heresies of birth-control that lead to our depopulation, but discourses have no value in comparison with deeds, and drastic action should follow offenses as heinous as those we have alluded to. It is a curious contradiction that in a country so dependent upon the propagation and conservation of new human life, that we should set at so cheap a price the survival of the individual infant.

\* \* \*

*La Prensa*, Buenos Aires: The city council has issued an appeal to the press, public, and cinema-proprietors, urging co-operation in the matter of retaining the orchestras and individual musicians in the picture houses where they have been displaced by the sound and talking films. Although a majority of our people seem to prefer the silent drama of the screen, this is not in keeping either with the desires of the theater managements or of the foreign producers, who wish to replace the style of picture to which we are accustomed with the talking film. With the advent of the new pictures, many motion picture establishments already have discharged all their musicians, and substituted discs corresponding to the action of the spectacle.

This already has worked a hardship on the members of the orchestras, but it is likewise a severe blow to the artistic and professional tendencies of the capital, for many talented persons no longer desire to acquire skill in music if there is not to be any further pecuniary benefit to be obtained from the vocation. This artificial, imported, and metallic melody is likewise fatal to the expansion of our beautiful native music, and destructive to the sentimental and patriotic reminiscences of the auditor. For the welfare both of the public and the players, reinstatement of the orchestras is urged immediately in houses exhibiting either mute or vocal films.

\* \* \*

*Japan Advertiser*, Tokio: Three Filipino pitchers were not good enough to stop the Chinese batters yesterday afternoon at the Meiji Shrine stadium, and China won, 15 to 4. It was the second meeting of the two in the Ninth Far Eastern Olympic competition. China won the first game from the Philippines 9 to 6 last Saturday, and is thus assured of second place, even if the Filipinos should do something which no one expects them to do, and defeat the Japanese nine when they cross bats. The high spot of yesterday's game was when Su Lung, 52-year-old center fielder on the Chinese team, caught a swift one near the end of

his bat, which went for three bases. Villalon, 15-year-old Filipino left fielder, arrived at the scene 1-5 second after the ball hit the sod.

\* \* \*

*El Sol*, Madrid: The mountains of Asturias, we are informed by a dispatch from Gijon, are infected with innumerable wolves, which are terrifying the cattle-raisers of that region. A drive recently was started against this menace, resulting in the destruction of 35 full-grown wolves that had been attacking and devouring even horses and colts that were out at pasture.

W. S. GILMORE, managing editor of the *News*, commenting on the column, says:

"It is our belief that the more the various peoples know about other countries and their people, the better will be the eventual understanding among them.

"Since the inauguration of this column we have found and shown to our readers that the problems faced in the United States are also being faced by the citizens of other countries. Rather than take the observation of an American writer, we are learning of these problems by translating what the newspapers of the respective countries are saying in their own columns.

"For example, the translations have shown a number of countries are facing traffic problems, educational, sanitation, prohibition, crime, police, road building, taxation, and a score of other problems that face our own country."

This is enough to get across the idea that the *News* is doing something out of the ordinary and important, but just because it's interesting here's an editorial the newspaper published January 6 under the title, "Know Your World Neighbor":

"We recommend to our readers daily perusal of the column of newspaper clippings on this page.

"Dispatches cabled from these countries deal largely with politics, crime, and disaster. Cables seldom reveal the normal daily life of the people of other lands, and yet what is more interesting to us than that? The only available source of that kind of news is the daily press.

"We learn from these clippings that Mexico has a vigorous anti-alcohol movement, with thousands of white-dressed children marching in demonstration parades, and that there is in Mexico a well-defined sentiment against bull-fighting; that Mexican cities have attacked the impure water problem by using chlorine; that the government, crusading against impure milk, has abolished the dealer who carried milk in cans slung over a mule's back.

"We learn that Chile has organized a national society to give instructions in child care and feeding;

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# THE QUILL

THE QUILL is published monthly by Sigma Delta Chi, professional journalistic fraternity, at 115 East Fifth St., Fulton, Mo., and 836 Exchange Ave., Chicago, Ill. It is devoted exclusively to the interests of journalists engaged in professional work and of young men studying journalism in American and Canadian colleges and universities. It is the official publication of Sigma Delta Chi, which was founded at DePauw University, April 17, 1909.

National Headquarters of Sigma Delta Chi are at 836 Exchange Ave., Chicago.

Publications quoting any of the articles in this magazine, please credit "The Quill of Sigma Delta Chi."

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Advertising Rates: On application to Advertising Manager.  
Subscription Rates: \$2.00 per year, \$7.50 for five years in advance, both to members and non-members. Life, \$20.00. Single copies, 25 cents.

AUGUST, 1930

## Pick and Choose

JOURNALISM school graduates have no reason for wearing a hangdog expression in the presence of "self-made" newspaper men in view of the report made by the Committee on Schools of Journalism of the American Society of Newspaper Editors. They can at least be glad that they have had the benefit of some sort of college training, even though it included courses in reporting and copyreading, for the committee went sled-length in its indorsement of a college education.

Here is the crux of the report:

"The first four years after high school are none too long to devote exclusively to systematic study of the fundamentals of a liberal education. As a matter of fact, the best academic course in America today only scratches the surface; it gives only a bowing acquaintance with the first principles of mathematics, chemistry, physics, sociology, economics, literature, business, politics, and history. If, in the four years following high school, a boy gets what is to be had from an academic school, he has no time whatever to play with the shop practices of journalism. . . . The best medical and legal judgment today is that, before the would-be doctor or lawyer is allowed to study the shop practices of his profession . . . he should have four years of academic training in a first-class college.

"It is the opinion of your committee that schools of journalism should be graduate schools, as are the good schools of law and medicine. . . . Your commit-

tee thinks there should be no other kind than professional schools of journalism. The trade can be taught in the shop."

Surely these quotations leave no ground for doubt that the committee is keenly appreciative of the benefits the college can bestow upon future journalists. Reading them, no high school graduate will feel encouraged to try to elevate himself into journalism by means of his bootstraps. Yet there is a certain danger in the report, for it may tend to discourage boys who want to be journalists from enrolling in one of the several schools that have already demonstrated their value.

Such a result would be bad. Even if the report were only to persuade future newspaper men to postpone their journalism courses until after graduation, when they would add one or two years of journalism to their four years of general arts, there is no evidence that the final result would be good. Indeed, as the *Journalism Quarterly* for June points out, experience so far points the other way. Says the *Quarterly*:

"It is inaccurate to say that the good schools of law and medicine are graduate schools. That is, very few of them require four years of liberal arts for admission; most of them require only two years. Moreover, there is a perceptible tendency to reduce rather than to raise those requirements. Recent studies at the University of Chicago have shown that those students who completed a four-year liberal arts course before entering the law school were, on the average, poorer students than those who entered after two or three years of liberal arts; and, further, the correlation between high grades in the law school and success at the bar is very high. There is certainly no likelihood of any general movement at this time to increase liberal arts requirements in law or medicine.

"The status of journalism with respect to liberal arts work required is about the same as that of law and medicine. A few schools of journalism, separate from liberal arts colleges, admit no students until they have had two years of liberal arts; others give a small amount of journalism in the sophomore year; journalism work for freshmen is frowned upon. And be it remembered that in most schools and departments of journalism students take eighty to ninety hours (which means about three years' work) in liberal arts, and they cannot receive their degrees with less than eighty. . . . Perhaps these requirements should be increased, but it should be recognized that they are now at least equal to those of law and medicine."

It may be that the committee rushed into the making of its report without having these facts in mind; nevertheless, THE QUILL agrees that a journalist should have the broadest possible background. It does



not admit, however, that the schools should abandon the effort to integrate with the student's general background a sound knowledge of the history, ethics, and practices of journalism. Nor does it agree that laboratory methods should be thrown out bodily as of no value. Part of a liberal education, beyond question, should be the ability to use English to set down facts, opinions, ideas—who has ever denied the worth of the purpose behind rhetoric courses?—and there is no reason why a student should not be required to develop a clear, concise, interesting journalistic style while he is gathering the bricks for his foundation. Nor is there any reason why practice in writing should not be linked up with every background course so that the future journalist will know how to get facts, how to weigh them, how to arrange them in readable, understandable fashion.

All this can be done without too great sacrifice of the so-called cultural courses. *THE QUILL* believes it is being done now in the best journalism schools and that it will be done increasingly as time goes on. The prospective journalist, if he can choose, will do well to pick out a college with a good school of journalism and follow the prescribed course. If circumstances force him to go to a school with a weak journalism department, let him take the best the department has to offer and meanwhile follow the committee's advice by getting a sound general education. In both cases he will be making the most of his opportunities. No more can be asked of him.

### A Pious Hope

WHILE admittedly there is no possibility that all students who pass a course in high school journalism will go into newspaper work, nevertheless their studies may benefit the business indirectly. It is conceivable that if enough persons studied journalism in high school there might result a substantial element in the population that would be able to distinguish a good newspaper from the other kind.

No one will argue that an adequate supply of water, gas, and electricity is of more moment than a supply of good newspapers or that a poorly written headline is more annoying than a delayed train—in short, that a split infinitive is more serious than a split rail. Nevertheless, with the comforts and conveniences in fair abundance, it is not unreasonable to suppose that the average newspaper reader has time to distinguish the well written story from the badly written story. It is equally easy to presume that if he has studied journalism in high school he may be able the more readily to perform this critical faculty.

An increase in the number of discriminating newspaper readers would benefit professional newspaper

men. The higher type of journalism the public demands the better for those who make their living by it. It is possible for a profession to lift itself by its bootstraps, but the feat is a good deal easier if the weight of public opinion is pulling in the same direction. If enough persons studied journalism in high school they might eventually provide this extra pull.

These pleasant conjectures depend in the ultimate on how well high school students are taught journalism, which means that their appreciation of good newspaper work increases according to the ability of their instructors. This leaves the problem up to the teaching staff, but they are always expected to bear the brunt of injecting culture into the population.

### It Must Be Human

My idea of a newspaper is not a thing but a personality. I think of it as a friendly, chatty sort of chap, who drops in every evening after supper to talk awhile about the doings of the day.

It must be human, of course. It must be well-informed. I would have my newspaper a whimsical sort of chap with a sense of humor, who can tell a story well, who can narrate a funny, pathetic, or tragic episode of the day with skill and feeling.

A friendly newspaper, a well-informed newspaper, a human newspaper—a newspaper that is bright, keen, virile. A newspaper that can express an opinion without being arrogant or dogmatic; a newspaper that can fight a battle without being unfair; a newspaper that maintains a sense of values even in the heat of conflict; a newspaper that is never fussy or quarrelsome; a liberal newspaper, a tolerant newspaper—tolerant enough, indeed, not to be intolerant of intolerance.

I would have it a newspaper that mirrors with true perspective the community in which it operates; a newspaper that reflects accurately but with a true sense of values.

I try to print the truth as I see it. I try to be fair. I try to write without malice or spite. I try to consider that my first duty is to my readers. I try to be vigilant to safeguard the rights of the individual and the rights of free speech and of a free press, considering at the same time that property has its rights, and that a man may achieve the distinction of \$5 or \$100 honestly and legitimately.

I try to be decent without being prudish. And, above all, I want my newspaper to be interesting. The newspaper is published in a world of changing philosophies. It must be constantly changing to keep abreast.—John Sorrells, Editor, the Fort Worth Press.

## The Book Beat

### A Newspaper Man's Library

THE EDITORIAL PAGE, by Robert W. Jones. Thomas Y. Crowell Co., New York. 1930. \$2.00.

It's pretty hard to learn how to write editorials by reading a book about them. Professor Jones, of the University of Washington, and others who have written treatises on the newspaper editorial will of course say that their purpose has not been so academic. The only way to learn how to write editorials is, obviously, to write them.

But study and investigation and observation must go along with the writing, and books like *The Editorial Page* are unquestionably a help—to the practicing editorial artist as well as to the student. This newest book on the subject is, like the author's mind, an amazing compendium of concrete rules and practical hints. Because its list of reference books shows the nature and completeness of the volume, and because it's a list that any reporter or editorial writer or magazine man may profitably paste above his desk, it is reprinted here:

(1.) The dictionary comes first, for no man ever outgrows that most valuable of all reference books. *London Answers* asserted that Rudyard Kipling read the dictionary to increase his vocabulary. A word craftsman must be on familiar terms with the dictionary. *Webster's New International*, G. & C. Merriam Co., Springfield, Mass., is the standard edition.

(2.) *The World Almanac*, published by the Press Publishing Company of New York, is a book of facts, and a necessity.

(3.) *The American Newspaper Annual*, or some similar newspaper directory giving statistical information and geographical facts, will be found indispensable. *The American Newspaper Annual* is published by N. W. Ayer & Son, Philadelphia.

(4.) *The Official Manual* of your state, usually issued by the Secretary of State, contains a wealth of political, historical, statistical, and biographical material of value every day.

(5.) *The Congressional Directory* is obtainable through your congressman.

(6.) A first-class history of the United States and a history of your own state will be of great use.

(7.) *Who's Who in America* is published by A. N. Marquis, Chicago.

(8.) *Who's Who on the Stage* is published by B. W. Dodge.

(9.) Read magazines of comment for they will stimulate opinion, often showing resume matter worth filing for reference.

(10.) *The Statesman's Year Book* is published by Macmillan. *The American Year Book*, published by Appleton's, would be valuable.

(11.) One-volume abstracts of the U. S. census are obtainable from the Superintendent of Documents, Washington, D. C.

(12.) *Bartlett's Familiar Quotations* is published by Little, Brown and Company.

(13.) *The Times Index*, published by the New York Times, is necessary. It unlocks any American newspaper files.

(14.) A city directory of your city is, of course, indispensable.

(15.) A Thesaurus Dictionary, *Roget's International Thesaurus*, published by Thomas Y. Crowell Company.

(16.) A standard encyclopedia, comparable to the Britannica, will save many a trip to the library for special information.

(17.) The statutes of your state, with the session acts appearing since the last revision, will be found necessary for the editorial writer dealing with today's problems.

(18.) It is customary to include two other books in such a list: the Bible and Shakespeare. Both are widely quoted by public speakers and newspapers and quotations should be accurate.

M. V. C.

### Madison Alumni Organize

Thirteen members of Sigma Delta Chi organized the Madison alumni chapter of Sigma Delta Chi at a meeting held Tuesday evening, May 27, at the home of Alfred Willoughby (Wisconsin '27).

John S. Weisz (Wisconsin '27), editor of an employees' magazine for the Commonwealth Telephone Company, was elected president. Other officers are Willard R. Smith (Grinnell '21), state manager of the United Press, vice-president, and Duane H. Kipp (Wisconsin '27), superintendent of education and publications for the state conservation commission, secretary and treasurer.

A board of directors of seven members, including the officers, also was elected. Other directors are Alfred Willoughby, manager of the Letter shop of the Democrat Printing Company; H. H. Brockhausen (Wisconsin '23), president of Brock Engraving Company; Ralph O. Nafziger (Wisconsin '20), assistant professor of journalism at the University of Wisconsin; and Harold E. McClelland (Wisconsin '29), motor and telegraph editor, *Wisconsin State Journal*.

The other charter members are Don Anderson (Wisconsin '25), managing editor, the *Wisconsin State Journal*; Walter A. Frautschi (Wisconsin '24), vice-president, Democrat Printing Company; Ewald Almen (Wisconsin '27), Associated Press correspondent; Stanley Kalish (Wisconsin '27), state editor, Associated Press; Louis Bridgeman (Wisconsin '06), publicity editor, state board of health; and Ralph Timmons (Wisconsin '26), of the Cantwell Printing Company.

Men who have been honorary or associate members of any active chapter of Sigma Delta Chi are eligible for membership in the alumni chapter. A charter installation meeting, perhaps a banquet, will be held shortly.



### Advertising and the Magazine

Several readers of *The Household Magazine* have recently suggested in letters that the amount of advertising in the magazine be diminished and the amount of editorial matter increased. Nor is this a unique suggestion; every periodical which publishes much advertising undoubtedly receives similar advice from a minority of readers.

Let me give such readers—and others also—an insight into some of the conditions of publishing today. This is your magazine, and I think you should know something as to the way it is run. Of the total gross revenue received by *The Household Magazine*, approximately twenty-six per cent comes from subscribers and newstand buyers; that is, from circulation. Approximately seventy-four per cent comes from the advertisers whose advertising appears in the magazine. In other words, three times as much money comes in from advertisers as comes in from readers. If we consider the net revenue from these two departments, the difference is even more marked; in fact, the expense of operating our circulation department is greater than the revenue that we get from it. The advertising must make up the rest.

*The Household Magazine* is not alone in this. The same state of affairs exists in every large popular magazine. What the subscriber pays seldom covers either the expense of the circulation department or the cost of the paper and ink used in printing the magazine. If advertising were eliminated, the reader of the average national magazine would have to pay at least ten times what he pays now. And, of course, advertising cannot be materially reduced and still leave a periodical prosperous under present conditions.

Further, I wonder if many readers would like a magazine from which advertising had been largely or altogether eliminated. Why have you the automobile that you have, the kitchen cabinet, the washer, the rugs, the living room suite, the sewing machine, the bathroom fixtures? Why do you use a certain brand of flour, of baking powder, of toothpaste, of antiseptic, of soap, of breakfast food? Isn't it largely because of advertising? Advertising has reached its highest development in the United States; and in this country—to a considerable extent through the use of advertising—the individual not only has a longer list of wants, but gets a much larger proportion of them satisfied, than anywhere else in the world. Without advertising there still would be only a few automobiles, and they in the large cities. We should still be carrying water into the house from the well in the back yard. We should still be making our own soap. The conveniences and luxuries of today are common largely because of advertising. Future conveniences and

luxuries will be introduced to us through advertising.

Moreover, most readers, I am confident, definitely enjoy reading advertising. To the alert man or woman advertisements are often as attractive and as stimulating as anything in a magazine.—Nelson Antrim Crawford, Editor, *The Household Magazine*.

### Clippings That Make for Peace

(Continued from page 13)

that traffic problems are as annoying in South American cities as in Detroit; that motion picture films made in Hollywood give Europeans the idea that Americans are a people whose principal recreation is attending paper hat and tin whistle parties in night clubs; that in Peru a woman attending church was robbed of her purse as she prayed; that *El Nuevo Diario*, in Caracas, Venezuela, is demanding that automobiles following street cars halt when the street cars stop; that other countries than ours are starting anti-noise campaigns; that lace-making is a lost art in France because modern women's dress requires no lace; that English boys' toys also run largely to electric trains and airplanes.

"That is to say, we learn that our problems are the world's problems; that we differ from other peoples only in language, and are ever reminded that human nature is the same the world over.

"Let the people of each country read of the daily problems and ambitions and recreations and annoyances of their world neighbors and one of the principal avenues to war will have been closed.

"Let the people of this country realize that the average Mexican is not a swaggering, swarthy bully in a sombrero looking for a fight, but instead is a serious-minded citizen bent on educating the children of the poor and purifying the milk and drinking water, and you will have thwarted the publicists and so-called statesmen in this country who periodically mount the platform, wave the flag and scream for conquest.

"Know your neighbor and like him."

### A Metropolitan "Home Town" Paper

(Continued from page 6)

cently started a North Shore Edition with bureaus in Waukegan and Evanston, which also has met a hearty response from readers. It is patterned after the Indiana Edition, and goes to press after the regular final edition.

The success of the Indiana Edition, which claims a circulation of 36,000 at this writing and is still growing, will no doubt fill the thoughtful young journalist with grave apprehension. It represents a definite factor for the small-city publisher to contend with, and if the idea grows, the time may come when it will alter our whole conception of newspaper-making. Only the future can tell.





## WITH SIGMA DELTA CHI AFIELD



PATRICK USSHER (Toronto) has joined the editorial staff of the *Toronto Star*.

GRANT SMITH (Toronto) is employed by the *Toronto Telegram*.

JACK THORNTON (Toronto) is on the publicity staff of the Canadian National Railways.

NORMAN DE WITT (Toronto) is recovering from tuberculosis at a sanatorium at Gravenhurst, Ontario.

COLIN KENNEDY (Iowa State '28) has joined the staff of the *Chicago Daily Drivers Journal* as telegraph editor. He formerly was farm editor of the *Waterloo (Ia.) Daily Courier*.

JOHN O. KYKYRI (Minnesota '23) recently became a member of the editorial staff of the *Milwaukee (Wis.) Journal*. He was with the *Duluth (Minn.) Herald* for three years prior to his move to Milwaukee.

VICTOR GREEN (Indiana '27) recently managing editor of the *Connellsville (Pa.) Daily News*, is now on the copy desk of the *Pittsburgh Sun-Telegraph*. He is also engaged in free-lance magazine writing.

R. W. CROCKETT, Jr., (Missouri ex-'30) is manager of the *Price (Utah) Sun*. Crockett, as an officer of the Missouri chapter, played an active part in staging the fifteenth convention of Sigma Delta Chi last November.

JOHN R. FLEMING (Cornell '22), since 1923 assistant editor of the office of publications of the Agricultural College Extension Service of Ohio State University, has been appointed a special agricultural writer for the U. S. Department of Agriculture. Following his graduation from college he was in newspaper work until he went to Ohio State.

DWIGHT E. McCORMACK (Nebraska '27) is a member of the night staff of the *Associated Press* at Lincoln, Neb. He was financial editor of the *Chicago Daily Drivers Journal* for two years and served a short period as telegraph editor before going to Lincoln. McCormack is also editor of the *Delta Sigma Lambda* fraternity publication.

GEORGE DWORSHAK (Minnesota '25) is now with the Buffalo Broadcasting Company, Buffalo, New York.

FRED ROSS (Washington '30) is a member of the staff of the *Clark County (Wash.) Sun*.

BYRON H. CHRISTIAN (Washington '20), member of the University of Washington School of Journalism faculty, is on the rim of the *Seattle Times* copy desk for the summer months.

WILLIAM C. BANTA, Jr., (Cornell '30) has turned from the managing editorship of the *Cornell Daily Sun* to free-lance writing for New Jersey newspapers.

C. T. PARSONS (Florida '29) formerly advertising manager of the *Lake Wales (Fla.) Highlander*, has been with the city staff of the *Florida Times-Union*, Jacksonville, since April 2, this year. He became assistant city editor of the paper on June 1.

CLARKE ASHWORTH (Toronto) has just been made vice-president of the Campbell-Ewald Company, of Canada. He is specializing in General Motors advertising, and his headquarters is in Toronto.

*The Wanderer and Other Poems* is soon to be issued by the Ryerson Press, Toronto, for Nathaniel A. Benson (Toronto). It is to be a sequel to his previous volume. Two other books shortly to appear by this young writer are, *Modern Canadian Poetry*, an anthology of 130 bits of verse by younger Canadian poets, as collected and edited by Benson; and *Three Plays for Patriots*, which are one-acters. The latter two books will be brought out by the Graphic Press, Ottawa.

SOL H. LEWIS (Washington '12) former national president of Sigma Delta Chi, has earned new honors for his paper, the *Lynden (Wash.) Tribune*. The *Tribune* was awarded the Schoenfeld Trophy, awarded to the paper in the state of Washington which has carried on the most constructive community campaign during the year. Lewis was given a banquet by an appreciative community after he had been presented with the trophy.

GENE KELLY (Washington '30) has gone to work on the *Walla Walla (Wash.) Bulletin*.

BERNE JACOBSEN (Washington) is now a reporter on the *Seattle Star*. Jacobsen recently returned to Seattle after working on the *Denver Post* and the *New Orleans Item-Tribune*.

VIRGIL CUNNINGHAM (Washington) will be circulation manager of the *Ellensburg (Wash.) Record* from the time school closes until the fall session begins.

MILTON BONA (Washington) has been advanced from editor of the *Enumclaw (Wash.) Herald* to editorship of the *Cle Elum (Wash.) Miner-Echo*.

ALFRED WILLOUGHBY (Wisconsin '27) conducts a special letter service for the Democrat Printing Company of Madison, and also edits a weekly section for the *Wisconsin State Journal*.

ROSS H. CLAYTON (Kansas '18), superintendent of the Lawrence Paper Box Manufacturing Company, died May 31 at his home at Lawrence, Kansas. His death followed an illness of eight months.

Born at Hill City, Kansas, on November 7, 1889, Clayton entered the University of Kansas in 1914. Immediately following his graduation he enlisted in the United States Army Air Service, was commissioned a lieutenant, and was stationed at Austin, Texas, and Fort Sill, Oklahoma. On his discharge he returned to Lawrence and for several years was employed as accountant by the University of Kansas. He resigned about seven years ago to accept a place with the paper box company.

He was a Methodist, a Mason, a member of the American Legion, and at college he was a member of the *Acacia* fraternity. He leaves Mrs. Marguerite MeVey Clayton and three children: Marguerite, 12; Alice, 9; and Ruth, 3. A brother, Gilbert M. Clayton, who is also a member of Sigma Delta Chi, is statistician for the Chicago Stock Exchange.

### Sports Writer and Sports Racket

"One person could, if he desired, do lots of damage to the sports racket, and that is the sports writer. There are many of them who, despite stringent newspaper rules, take money for acting as press agents to sporting organizations and winter resorts, or who graft from professional promoters. But the average sports writer is fair in his judgments, sincere in his convictions, and knows news when it is news. He acquiesces in the status quo because he believes in it.

"Last fall the Army football squad went across the continent to play Stanford at Palo Alto. There was a special train for the 40 players and the 70 adults who are required to tuck them in bed at night. This train, with its baggage car fitted with hot and cold showers and lockers, with another baggage car made into a physical therapy room full of muscle vibrators and ultra-violet ray machines and steam cabinets, with its club car containing radios and victrolas, its diners and observation cars and lounge cars, must have cost—no figures available for obvious reasons—close to \$50,000. Was there among the sports writers who accompanied the team a single one to comment upon this ghastly and criminal waste of the taxpayer's money? No, because they don't think it a waste of money."—John R. Tunis, sports writer, New York *Evening Post*. From *The New Republic*.

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